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Normal

# THE Normalia.

DECEMBER, 1899.

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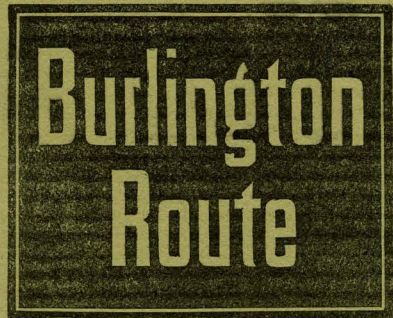
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# THE NORMALIA.

VOLUME IX.

ST. CLOUD, MINN., DECEMBER, 1899.

NUMBER 4.

## The Normalia.

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### NOTICE.

*Subscribers will receive the Normalia until notice of discontinuance is given and all arrearages are paid.*

*A blue mark here ( ) means that your subscription has expired.*

THIS is the Christmas number. Likewise our "story" number. We do not know whether there is any of the flavor of the season in our stories. If not, we are but imitating this grim old world of ours; for no one, surely, can say there is much of the Christmas "peace and good will to men" in the wars and rumors of war, in the dark welling-up from nethermost hell in dark Africa and darker Kentucky. Still the NOR-

MALIA believes that finally righteousness and mercy shall prevail, that the sword shall be turned into a plowshare, and that the Prince of Peace shall verily rule alone over this old weary world of ours.

"I can but hope that good shall fall

At last, far off, at last for all

And every winter turn to spring."

And therefore we blithely wish a merry Christmas to you all!

### \* LITERARY. \*

#### North-Aryan and South-Aryan.

P. M. MAGNUSSON.

(Don't read unless you can stand criticism.)

It is sickening to notice continually the utter self-complacency of our race.

We are madly in love with ourselves.

And don't care who finds it out.

Newspapers, magazines and books are full of it, platform and pulpit steam and reek with it. Anglo-Saxon Supremacy, Anglo Saxon Liberty, Anglo-Saxon Valor, Honesty, Piety, Grit—no there is no end to the list. Most exasperating is the cool assumption ever present and often directly expressed, that the other fellow doesn't amount to anything; that we are the only pebble on the beach. Is not the following a fair statement of the opinion we have of ourselves and our neighbor?



We believe that the "Anglo-Saxon" has all the virtues and excellencies before mentioned and all others that the mind of man can conceive. The "Anglo-Saxon" is a superior creature, and when it comes to the scratch, we admit that in point of fact he is the ONLY one capable of progress and civilization.

On the other hand, we believe that the South-European and all his descendants in South America and elsewhere are doomed to social perdition. We talk of them as "the effete southern race." Not that we know what EFFETE means, but we can throw a whole ton of contempt into that word, anyway. We speak of them as lazy, dirty, ignorant, superstitious, cruel, and end up by declaring that they have no future.

Let us examine our case candidly for a few moments.

No, I can't use the ridiculous term Anglo-Saxon a minute longer. It is in every sense false. Even the English should not be called Anglo-Saxons, for that is to name them from their least gifted and least progressive ancestry. To count the Irish as Anglo-Saxon and exclude the German and Scandinavian who are so much closer related to the English is another logical whopper. The following is a more sensible division of the Europeans.

Let us call the Celts and the Teutons the North-Aryans. This would include the inhabitants of Britain, Scandinavia, Germany, parts of Austria and Russia, and the northern slice of France, as well as Canada, United States, Australia and New Zealand.

Let us call the inhabitants of Italy, most of France, Spain, Portugal, South America, Mexico, the South Aryans.

Hence, North-Aryans means "we," "the people of Progress;" South-Aryans are "they," "the effete Latin nations."

To put it all in a nutshell:—We are the great robber race. They are the great robbed race. All the gods of all the nations have been besought to protect their votaries against the ravages of our race. For we are the bulkiest, boldest, toughest, and grittiest of the sons of man.

We are a self-assertive, active, energetic race. Our children cry more, fight more, quarrel more, and get more spanked than those of any other race. Travelers in Japan, Java, and India remark with surprise how docile, quiet and kindly are the young of the human family in these parts. The explanation is simple. They are not of as wolfish a race as our youngsters. School discipline is not as harsh among the South-Aryans as among us, as the teachers in Argentina have discovered. There is a coarser, grimmer fiber in us than in the South-Aryan. Our blood is fiercer and we have more of it. This crude, strenuous grab-nature, though not very ornamental or comfortable for our neighbors, has its uses. It has made us masters of the world. There is nothing under the sun that will deter the North-Aryan from the quest if he believes there is something "in it" for him. But it must be something tangible, what he calls substantial. We are the nation-kidnappers, the world-grabbers. "Give the devil the little finger and he will soon have the whole man," says the proverb. Likewise, let the Englishman steal a cape and he will claim a continent; and will be genuinely surprised and grieved to find that he is not welcomed as a selfsacrificing philanthropist. The Boer is such a bigot, you know; he finds it so hard to understand that the greatest blessing in the world is to be ruled by and for the benefit of English millionaires.

We run our big neuro-muscular

mechanism in liberal style. We eat more than any other race. When it comes to the commissariat department we believe emphatically in the "open door" policy. We are "broad-guage" on the subject of meat and drink. We are told that what an American eats at one meal would feed an entire Greek family a whole day. And such food! We heap our plates full with smoking, greasy, meaty food, and presto! they are empty; while the South-Aryan partakes sparingly of diluted wine, bread, and cool fruits. Broadly speaking, the North-Aryan has almost all of the drunkards, the South-Aryan practically none. We have the ravenous appetites of beasts of prey, and these appetites get the better of even our strong minds. Even when it comes to tobacco, the favorite stimulant of the South-Aryan, we must needs be the coarse gluttons even there, and allow him to be the dainty epicure. A pinch of select tobacco rolled fresh in a bit of rice paper and he is satisfied; but when we settle down for a smoke it means big, strong cigars or a can or pouch of tobacco and a clay pipe or meerschaum to be refilled again and again. For we make "strenuous life" even of smoking.

Yes, ours is the master race. It brooks no thwarting, it listens to no compromises—when it has the biggest cannon on its side. And our race generally manages to have a warranty deed on the biggest cannon. Hence, we are selfconstituted guardians of the minor races of mankind. I can barely refrain to add, "for revenue only."

But we make poor masters. For we are narrow minded and unsympathetic as compared with the South-Aryan. We are so hopelessly in love with ourselves that we can see no virtue or comeliness that we should desire in an

inferior race. Our mercantile and industrial propensities are so developed that we can think only of the advantage in dollars to us when we sniff barbarian blood. As a result the "natives" get unmercifully skinned by the advance guard of "the great civilizing race" and then when the natives very imprudently and ungratefully object, the soldier is sent to teach them to respect civilization. He makes "good Indians" of them at short notice. This is called "the inexorable law of progress, the triumph of civilization over barbarism." "Civilization" here means Mulvaney, unmentionable disease, and pants. Rudyard Kipling calls this business "The White Man's Burden," and we like that. We did not suspect before that we did all this out of a deep sense of duty, but when informed, we "tumbled." We used to think that piety that cost nothing was the best obtainable; but here our poet laureate actually offers piety that pays dividends in dollars. Alas!

Let us compare the two races a moment on this score. The backward, ignorant greaser in Mexico abolished slavery. But Texas, then a Mexican state, was largely settled by the progressive "Saxon." The masterful Saxon felt that the abolition of slavery was sufficient ground for war and rebellion. C. F. Lummis—no one knows the two races better—assures us that Spanish-American treatment of the "enslaved" natives was only a mild guardianship compared with the grim slavery in our southern states.

Every American school boy used to be duly impressed with "the cruelty of the Spaniard," especially against "the native." So be it, an it please thee; but the irrational native persists in flourishing as a green bay tree in the countries where Latin civilization pre-



vails; while he has got himself nigh exterminated under our humane and enlightened rule. Roughly speaking (and it was rough on some parties), England took North America, Spain squatted on South America: There the natives have increased in numbers and have been lifted several degrees in culture; but in our portion of the hemisphere the natives are almost extinct, and the remnant has been lifted to the dizzying height of calico and whiskey. If Spain was cruel, what was England and what are we?

Let us admit that when it comes to dealing with the natives for their own good and not for ours, the South-Aryan is infinitely superior to us.

But our narrow individualism has its good side as well. The same trend of mind that makes us poor guardians of strange peoples make of us affectionate parents and children. Home means more to us than to any other race. We stick to our race, our clan, our family. An Englishman's house is his castle.

We are a frank, generous, and magnanimous race. We are large-minded and disdain foxy procedure. This at least must be said in our favor. We have a natural instinct for fair play. We are not crafty and cunning. In this it is to be learned that the South-Aryan is more expert. Centuries of oppression have developed the deft thrust of the stiletto. Still, even the South-Aryan is far from being any master in the art of craftiness. If we, however, should contrast them, we would say, we show kinship with the wolf and the bear, they with the fox and the asp; our weapons are the broadsword and the battle-ax, theirs the dagger and poison.

Compared with us, there is not much fight in the South-European. This may seem a strange assertion in face of

the constant South American revolutions. But consider what we would be and do if we were on as low an educational level as he is. To be sure, he is quarrelsome and revolutionary, but even in war he is a surprisingly mild creature compared with us. He prefers to fight with PRONUNCIAMIENTOS and parades, and can worry through half a dozen revolutions with less atrocities than we commit at a lynching or railroad strike. But we! With the exception, perhaps, of the Sioux, Apaches and Kaffirs, there is no race above ground that can equal us in ferocity. We are the best fighters in the world, not because we particularly love to fight, but because we do so love to win. Rightly our ancestors used the eagle and the lion as their symbols. We are near relatives of the raptors and the carnivora.

We are not a literary race. The majority of us never read true literature. You have a fine copy of Shakespeare to be sure, but that does not prove that you love literature. Do you as often as once a year take down Shakespeare to read just for pure enjoyment? How long ago was it since you read any book that could be called literature and not simply printed gossip? And you call yourself literary! Compared with Iceland (a branch of our own race) and Athens, we are as a whole decidedly illiterate.

Taken as a whole, we are not a philosophical race. Our inability to understand the very gates to philosophy is so great that among English-speaking peoples a denial of the possibility of valid speculative reasoning on the fundamentals of life and existence has been accepted by millions as philosophy.

We excel in music, but in the other arts we are simply outclassed. The

aesthetic sits so far in us that it has not come out yet.

Our virility, vitality and vigor has been our salvation. The fact that we have had a few ounces of brains and a few pounds of muscle more than our competitors has awarded us the prize. But almost the only thing we have excelled in has been brute force and endurance. Hitherto this has been sufficient to insure to us undisputed supremacy in the world. But the world is changing, has changed. We have entered an era of higher things when mere crude strength will not get everything its own way. Then we shall soon find out that the South-Aryan is not so very "effete." In true humanity he is our equal and in the twentieth century we shall acknowledge it.

Another and a pleasant prophesy. The coarseness of our race is being refined away by education. The printing-press and the school have transformed this generation. We shall put greater and greater distance between us and the wolf. We are also a race of "parts." There is no field of human interest for which we have not talents when they once are awakened and cultivated. In art and philosophy and literature we shall one day be able to claim rank with the most gifted races on earth.

One more criticism, and I am done. We are the most conceited race under the sun. To shock this conceit into a little fair self-examination has been my purpose in the above article.

### The Bamboo Christmas Tree.

BY ELIZABETH GURNEY.

The khansamah's turban poised doubtfully on one side of his head as if it meditated flight to a more peaceful region. Rajah gave one glance, saw the danger signal, and fled. There

was good cause, both for the agitated condition of the khansamah and for the fleeing of Maharajah Suni.

Firstly, a blaring English cook-stove had intruded itself upon the picturesque Indian kitchen. The khansamah crossed his legs and sat down before this enigma to ponder over its inner workings. Ah, there was a hole in the side. Now, assuredly, one built fires in holes in a cooking apparatus. The memsahib laughed as she entered the smoke-filled kitchen. "Why, Puna, you've built the fire in the oven," and there was a brisk clashing of dampers and covers as she transferred that element to its proper location. "Iss!" murmured Puna, shrugging his shoulders in good Mussulman fashion over the utter inexplicability of the things of this world. Then the memsahib departed, after many orders—orders calculated to fill the soul of an ease-loving khansamah with woe.

Unfortunately, the memsahib's housewifely spirit had been stirred by the sight of the new cooking stove, and she descended upon the kitchen half an hour later with the declared intention of frying doughnuts. Any khansamah with a proper sense of the dignity of his office would retire that his eyes might not behold such an infringement of his rights. And doughnuts! Puna sniffed; rice and curry were good enough for most folks. Besides, memsahibs had a way of finding unwashed sauce pans, greasy dishcloths and rolls of dust, which was trying to one's nerves. Moreover, a slight mischance had occurred which contributed to render the outdoor air more agreeable than that of the kitchen. When the memsahib so unexpectedly appeared, Puna and a boon companion were having an agreeable chat on the side steps, and Puna was amiably transferring butter and sugar from the



godown supplies to his friend's possession. There was a sudden storm, and then Puna stalked gloomily out of the kitchen.

This was the moment when Rajah fled. Suni was the boy's real name, but some one, for an unknown reason, had called him by the royal title, and the nickname still clung. Rajah was the boy-of-all-work. He was punkahwalla, khansamah's assistant, and took care of the chota-sahib when the ayah was busy with the baby. This morning Puna had told him to scour the pans, and the ayah told him to keep an eye on the chota-sahib—a stout urchin of three. The chota-sahib was busy digging a hole, Puna was in the house, the sun was very warm, so Rajah lay on his back and dreamed of killing tigers. He was roused by the noise in the kitchen, and the screams of the chota-sahib, who had cut himself with his spade. Rajah caught sight of Puna bearing down upon him, and ran out of the compound with great swiftness, the indignant cries of ayah and memsahib ringing in his ears.

Rajah knew he was in for a licking anyway, but he wanted to put off the operation as long as possible. He ran until he was sure pursuit had ceased, and then began to throw sticks at a monkey up in a peepul tree. A stick suddenly hit Rajah's own shoulder. The thrower was a little girl dressed in a snowy jacket and yellow skirt edged with red and green stripes. Her name was Naulaia, which signifieth Moonlight, but she was called Susan at the mission school. "I've run away, too," said Naulaia gleefully. "Let's go and watch the tea-pickers."

"Why did you run away?" asked Rajah. "I wanted to go to the great house tonight and see the Christmas tree, and they wouldn't let me. "Is it

anything like a bamboo tree?" "Don't you know what Christmas is?" and Naulaia proceeded to explain matters according to her mission school training, for Rajah had only been with the English family for a week, and was a veritable little heathen.

That evening two little figures stole quietly up to the lighted windows of the English secretary's house. Rajah gave a gasp. He had not dreamed of such magnificence. Countless wax candles, gayly dressed ladies, joyous music, and in the corner of the room was the wonderful Christmas tree. It was a tall, graceful bamboo, hung with all the trimmings which are used to deck the regulation fir tree. Rajah and Naulaia forgot themselves in their eagerness, and stood up in full view in the open window.

"Look!" exclaimed one of the ladies, pointing toward the window. It was a pretty sight—two little heads close together, so that the black locks intermingled, two pairs of great, shining, black eyes, two little bodies bent forward eagerly and the gleam of the silver bracelets on Naulaia's brown arms.

"Why, Rajah!" said a sweet voice, the memsahib's voice, but the boy hardly knew her in her gown of shimmering pink. The children were brought in, feasted and petted, and given "delightful things off the wonderful bamboo tree."

Rajah went home with the sahib and memsahib and astonished them by bursting into tears when they reached the house. Much questioning developed the fact that he dreaded the wrath of Puna. That individual had been much mollified, however, by a Christmas present of two rupees, so he only shrugged his shoulders and said "Iss," when informed that he was not

to whip Rajah.

As for Naulaia, her parents were Christians and did not fear broken caste, so they were easily induced to forgive that small maiden.

### The Town That Was Sold.

BY STEEL PEN.

#### I.

The town of Tonia was feverish with curiosity. There was very literally in its midst a mystery. Nor was the mystery small. It filled a block. A state-ly building of granite and limestone was rising out of the ground. No, there was no Merlin magic about it. There were actual corporeal workmen most realistically dusty and brawny working there every day. So that part of it needed no explanation. But who owned the building? The contractor had his contract, specifications, and money from a New York syndicate—that was all he knew. What was the building to be used for? A mill? No, the architecture belied it. A department store? There were scores of stores in Tonia, more than ever could pay. Hotel? Same objection. Apartment house? There were many eligible residences empty in Tonia, for said city had been blessed with a boom some five years before.

There simply was no solution of the mystery. For to cap it all, the building was in a part of town that was considered less desirable. Old wrecks of former prosperity surrounded it on all sides. A rash individual suggested that it might be a new "university," but a glance at the surroundings discouraged the bravest guesser.

#### II.

"Buy the town. That would be just a jolly birthday present for me," she said.

"Yes", he replied in the same bantering tone, "it would be picturesque to read in the next morning dailies, 'Miss Wilson, our popular school-ma'am, was presented with the city as a birthday present by her lover, a certain salesman for the Metropolitan Shoe company.'"

"You are always thinking of the effect. I need not tell you that that is considered a feminine trait," laughed the girl.

"And how would you have me deliver the the present? On a silver card-tray?"

"No," answered Ethel very seriously, "I will be satisfied when the deeds are recorded in the register's office. I intend to leave the town principally where it is."

George threw a swift glance of perplexed scrutiny at his fair companion's face. Her ideas were evidently incongruous banter, but her voice was serious, almost solemn. Ethel was not noted for histrionic ability and tastes, but never had he seen better make-believe.

"You would allow me to purchase the city on the installment plan, I hope. Say at one cent a day for a hundred-thousand years. The present state of my pocketbook will not allow of any other arrangement."

"How perfectly inconsiderate of me," replied the girl seriously, yet with a certain twinkle in her eye which showed that she perfectly understood and enjoyed the perplexity and doubt as to what she was driving at; "I never for a moment expected you to pay for it. Buying a town is no small job."

"I should imagine not, though really my experience in that line is rather limited," interposed George.

"No small job, and I shall consider



the mere act of buying on your part a princely present from you."

"Um, thanks. Your modesty overcomes me. So all you ask of me is to rush to the nearest department store, elbow my way to the bargain counter and buy a town for your money. May I carry your purse in my pocket, or must a lady's purse be carried thusly?" and he took a mincing step or two, bent his arm double with the clasping palm upwards.

"None of your monkey-shines, if you please, young man. Barring your incongruous figures of speech, you are in the main right, I do wish you would buy a town for me with my money."

"I understand perfectly. Your diction is a model of plainness and force. If you furnish the funds, I'll buy anything for you from a dish of ice cream to London town. But will your majesty allow an humble question? Why under the sun do you want a town?"

"Good. I thought you would show some spark of rationality after a while. You wonder why I wish to buy the town. There is your answer," and she pointed to a dilapidated milk wagon that rang and rattled past.

"Now you are lapsing into symbolic transcendentalism again. It's rather unkind of you to feed me thus with milk for babes."

"Let me explain. At least ten milk-wagons pass this point every day. I infer that every milkwagon makes a circuit of the whole city. Let us say there are ten. Then there is just ten times as much milk-hauling as is necessary. Half the number of wagons could do the work, and if they districted the city not one would need to duplicate the route of the others."

"I see."

"I sincerely hope you do. You admit then the awful waste in all depart-

ments of industrial life?"

"I don't know that I do. I'm no socialist."

"You need not be a socialist to see so self-evident a truth. In this little city of ten thousand inhabitants five drug stores are kept open all night and not one of them has on an average a night call a week. Seven grocery wagons pass each other every day in their course all over town, each for its own little sprinkling of customers. At least half of the business men in town are busy only half the time they are in their stores and live mainly on the hopes of future business, 'when they have built up a patronage.' There is as far as I know, only one class of people that make money on the situation, and that is the real estate owner. But he has a snap. Just think how thinly business is smeared out over the 'business district' of this town. But every little one-horse concern has to pay some good round thirty or forty dollars a month rent. Many a day the gross sales don't amount to five dollars. You can see some reason for high prices, can't you?"

"Yes, my little anarchist, I am really acute enough to see that it is expensive to live in a civilized land. But how would you remedy it? A grocer might, to be sure, set up shop on land that would not cost him over a dollar a year in rent, but it would hardly pay, for he would get no customers. If a grocer is willing to pay thirty dollars a month for a business location on Grand street, and not one dollar a month for a location on Jones' farm it is simply because he can make more than twenty-nine dollars more a month on Grand street."

"That's plenty, George. Even the diminutive brain of a woman can comprehend the grand masculine sweep

of your mind without any farther kindergarten illustrations. But I have a practical proposition. I want to run every business of this town. To begin, I want to start with, let us say, groceries, meat, drugs, hardware, jewelry and watches, dry goods, crockery, clothing. To carry on this business I shall build one mammoth department store covering a whole block, two stories high with a basement. I am sure I can carry on in this one block the whole business of this town now spread over at least ten rickety dirty blocks. Of course there would be banks, hotels, barber shops, saloons and some other businesses tedious to enumerate, but those could be dealt with later."

"Where would you place your block, please. On the prairie where land is cheap, I suppose? Then I suppose you would have to organize relief expeditions to supply the famished clerks with food and the sight of humanity."

"What a pity to spoil your idyllic fancy. But I must. Long ago I fixed upon the site. You know that just across the tracks is what is known as shanty-town. This is really the oldest part of town, but for reasons that are not very hard to find, the newer and better buildings were not built where there were old buildings occupying space. So gradually the city crept away from itself, and now the best business portion is some two or three streets away. But there is nothing inherently bad the matter with this old location. 'Every prospect pleases and only man is vile.' I know a block there that is of easy access to the railroad, and is just as close to the customers as the present business quarters. And I know that I can have the whole block for less than one first class lot on Grand street. I will save at least ten thousand dollars a year in rents."

"Yes, and ruin all the good people who have invested their substance in Tonia real estate."

"Which shows what you know about it. Two thirds of this town is owned by a rich speculator living in Philadelphia—that is when he is not racing horses with the Prince of Wales. The rest is mainly owned by local real estate men, all of whom are very well to do. There are just three persons owning Tonia soil in the business district that might possibly be ruined by the depreciation. One of these is scheduled by me for a manager's position in one department of my store, and that will amply reward him. The other two you are ordered to save by buying their land from them at their present values as soon as the slump occurs and they are ready to sell."

"Ethel, you would make your fame on the stage! Any one not acquainted with the facts would swear that you really are in earnest. 'You are ordered to buy,' 'I am going to establish,' 'I have provided for this.' Rich, well I guess so!"

"I have read Ruskin, George," she replied very gravely.

"Well, so have I—a little. Your reading hasn't—ahem," and he tapped his forehead significantly.

"Do be serious. Ruskin says that the true man always trusts unreservedly his lady love. He could not love a woman he did not trust even to the uttermost. Now I shall test you. I set this quest before you. Buy this town for me. And please don't think I am joking when I unfold my plan in detail."

"I have nothing to say. In the language of Crockett's coon, 'don't shoot; I'll come down'."

"Now, please notice that I can save at least thirty thousand dollars in rent



every year. Thus I can sell as cheaply as anyone and still pay thousand dollars a year more than the present administration does, in wages. That is, I take this sum from the unproductive drones of society and give it to the worker—where it rightfully belongs.

"Then I shall reduce the number engaged in mercantile pursuits by one third or one half. Many small establishments now employ two clerks where there is not enough to do for one, as otherwise the one salesman could not leave the shop for dinner or supper."

"But the rush in the afternoon?"

"Has been provided for. All our special sales and bargains will occur in the morning. This, of course, is only another way of saying that in certain departments the customer will be fined for coming when the crowd is naturally biggest. This you see will diminish the number of salesmen by keeping all those employed steadily busy."

"But the poor —"

"Stop right there. Nobody is going to lose his means of earning a livelihood. I shall keep all heads of families. They form only about one third of the number employed.

"More than half of the unmarried ones are children of the first-named. When now their parents get an income almost twice as large as before, these children and young men and women can go to school—where they rightfully belong. Those of the remainder best suited for the work will be retained at greatly increased wages. The rest are now employed at such starvation wages that it is certainly an act of

charity to get them out of such an unpromising career."

### III.

Peter Ellerts had worked hard to make the hardware business pay. He had set up stoves till he had not one straight finger or one normal nail left on his hands. He got along with a mere child as his clerk, and took his lunch to the store to avoid the necessity of going home for lunch. Still he was daily in trouble. He could not make hardware pay.

Not because he did not know hardware. He did. Since his sixteenth birthday he had spent his time in that business, and he was generally considered the best hardware man in town. His misfortune was having a large family early in life. He began business with his brother as partner. Said brother died and then he bought out his sister-in-law, the widow, at a generous valuation, for Ellerts was a kind-hearted man and could not deal more justly than generously with widows and orphans. He could not pay up the price immediately, so he gave his note with ten per cent. interest. This was five years ago. Still he paid ten per cent. on the identical two thousand dollar note to his widowed sister-in-law.

Then Peter was "soft." He found it hard to refuse credit to Whiskey Joe's wife when she wanted to buy a new cook stove. He had as a result, a number of bad bills.

Then he was out of luck. The most approved stoves already had agencies in the town when he set up, so he had to carry a second grade variety. This lost to him his most lucrative custom.

He was near the end of his rope to-

night. He had just had an offer from him. Their underpaid clerks will soon go to seek more lucrative fields." Thus the process continued until four-fifths of the stores were bought, some under a species of compulsion, when it became apparent that the alternative was crushing competition. A very few held out obstinately. Some others were not offered salvation by sale, the powers that bought the town not thinking them desirable people for the new dispensation.

As he was pondering these mournful facts, a young man entered the store and expressed a desire to see the proprietor alone. As there was no one in the store besides the two, the question of privacy was easily solved.

Let us jump into the middle of the dialogue.

"Yes, on behalf of our syndicate, I offer you \$4,000 for your business and stock and beside I wish you would accept employment as manager of the business at a salary of \$1,500 a year and a percentage of net profits.

"Your offer almost takes my breath away. But I am afraid you are making a bad bargain for yourself. This business does not warrant your offer."

"Don't worry about that. We shall not continue business on the old plan. How much rent have you paid?"

"Thirty dollars a month,"

"There, you see. Well we pay practically nothing. In confidence to you, I will say that we are to make a giant department-store over there," pointing to the new building that was the enigma of the town, "and we want you for our manager of the hardware department. You shall have as assistants all the other hardware merchants of the town except one. He is so mean that we don't want him. We have bought out all of them except

#### IV.

Tonia was excited. The Great Mystery was a mystery no longer. It was apparent that the city was sold. The real estate men were furious. Almost every store was decorated with Removal Sale signs. The owners of the buildings were told that with the expiration of the customary thirty days the leases would be cancelled. A monster mass meeting was advertised in the opera house. On the stage sat the richest men of Tonia. Nor were the clergyman and the lawyer absent. The house was filled with miscellaneous humanity, but the genus "kid" predominated. There were speeches galore in which "liberty" and "free competition" and "trusts" and "tyranny" of capital and "sufferings" of the poor dispossessed retail merchants were the words that slashed the air and the ears in the hall.

There was also a prayer in which God was informed of the matter very fully, but in such guarded a language that if God chose to be a monopolist he could not possibly take umbrage. But God was most energetically besought to take notice of the matter and hustle up his proverbially slow mills. Then

resolutions were offered. These, after a very philosophical introduction, proposed a general boycott of the new Consolidated Mercantile Company. Their resolutions were passed with a unanimous vote and a cheer that must have frightened the astronomers on Mars.

"Any further business before the meeting?" queried the chairman.

A grocer who had just sold his business for twice its value, but who had not been offered any place in the emporium rose and proposed that every responsible person in the audience come forward and sign the resolutions. "Words are cheap", he said; "now let us see that you are not afraid of going on record in a way that will make it difficult to back out."

A young man in the back of the hall arose and said: "I second the motion, especially the sentiment that words are cheap."

To understand his remark it may be well to inform the reader that the speaker was a young man that worked in a shoe store at a very modest salary. The agent of the mysterious new company had informed him that he was not needed in the shoe department of the new store and at the same time loaned him five hundred dollars without interest to be used in getting an education.

"Talk is cheap. What these starving men need is money to buy food and start in some business. I have in my hand a subscription paper. I shall head it with fifty dollars, and I expect every one who signs the protest to follow the example," and he made his way to the platform.

There was the awkwarddest of silences. The chairman had just signed the boycott resolution, and now the subscription list was thrust under his nose. He winced, hemmed and hawed, grew red in the face and the ubiquitous small boys all over the hall snickered audibly. The ex-shoe-clerk finally came to the rescue of his victim.

"Perhaps" said he, "before we proceed farther it were well to know just how wide-spread the calamity is that has befallen this town."

There was the faintest touch of irony in his tones, but detectible only to the finest ear.

"With your leave, Mr. Chairman, let me ask all those who have suffered financial ruin from the awful monopoly that has devoured this town, to please rise."

The chairman rose with dignity, and one individual more, but he sat down swiftly, seeing himself so in the minority. There were certainly ten individuals who considered themselves hurt by the trust, but each was ashamed to own up to his customers that he could not compete with anyone. And the majority were either well satisfied or irresponsible boys who had nothing to lose.

"Mr. Chairman, I move that we adjourn," shouted a voice from the gallery, and immediately the whole assembly rose and literally fled the place.

\* \* \*

Tonia presented a curious spectacle. The business street was deserted. The magnificent business block of the Consolidated Merchantile Co. stood there clean, pure, graceful and opulent, sur-



rounded by broad streets and bathed in electric light. No city of a hundred thousand inhabitants had such a perfect commercial palace as this. Almost all the persons behind the counters were men, heads of families, well paid and happy. No half-starved girls behind the counters. Not a cash-boy in the house. Never more than eight hours work, for when they kept open evenings, as Saturday night, they did not open till mid-day. The employees of the Emporium had organized into a social association. They had happy social evenings together, they had literary and musical entertainments, and in addition they had a little protective attachment, consisting of a small accident and death insurance and old age pension. Men who for years had been commercial enemies and only on speaking terms socially when under the blessed competitive system, found to their astonishment now, under the domination of the mysterious town trust, that the "other fellow across the street" was a royal good fellow.

But there are dark sides to the picture. The Emporium refused to advertise. The three dailies began to show signs of consumption. There was at least the "hectic flush." Never before in the memory of man had the three dailies been on the same side of any question—except in the mortuary notice of a dead clergyman whom all three found to have been a "pious and learned gentleman"—but now the three dailies stood staunchly for free competition as against the "unamerican trust which has fastened its fangs in the beautiful city of Tonia and demoralized real estate values and robbed two-thirds

of the population of the means of a livelihood."—"Two-thirds" must have been their way of writing "newspapers.") The people were called upon to boycott "that hydra, that vampire which is draining the blood of business from the town," and to patronize "the few remaining independent merchants who still stood bravely but despairingly for the American idea of freedom and competition." The results were not what the papers had expected. The next day two-thirds of their subscribers sent in notices of discontinuation of subscription. Cause: almost all the town had come to look upon the Emporium as a blessing, and then a great number were employed there.

So the papers all died miserably from starvation. One daily only half as large as the smallest of the defunct papers took their place. It was devoted strictly to town matters, did not give more than a brief resume of general news, did not meddle with state or national politics, had very few ads, and employed only one reporter. The young man who started it did not have a red cent to his name, and still the paper was a success from the word go, and never seemed to lack resources. I was whispered—nay preached from the housetops—that the same mysterious trust that built the Emporium also supplied this enterprise with capital.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Occasionally a girl is pressed for time—but it's usually for some other reason.—Madelia Messenger.

This reminds us of a young man who went away on pressing business.

## PERSONALS & LOCALS.

Teacher, (in writing class)—“Are there any questions concerning the connection of letters?”

Student—“What is the connection between U and I?”

Teacher—“I don’t know.”

We have a line of Ladies’ skating shoes leather lined throughout, cork in-sole at \$2.75.

WANTED:—“To love her t’ death,”  
Newcombe & Raymond.

S. N. S. flag, hat and stick pins, in red and black enamel, finest we ever had, only 15c, at Clark Bros’.

Thoughtful student in history class—  
“Why didn’t the Mississippi river keep the name of ‘Holy Waters?’ ”

Dr. M.—“Why I suppose the river didn’t know enough.”

Why pay \$3.50 for a shoe, when you can buy the same shoe for \$3.00.

Pres. K.—“A young lady wants to go housekeeping.” Who is the lucky boy?

Get your skates sharpened at Headquarters.

E. G.’s—“Of What?”

E. G.’s—How is your ma?

How is your pa?

How is your parents’

Whenever you want a bus to meet you, telephone to Coates’. Telephone call, 17.

One of the students claims to have seen the stars fall all at once, (in the gymn).

Buy your presents here for the folks at home. We have a line of very beautiful things at 25 and 50c which will be sure to please anyone. Also jewelry, fine leather goods and cut glass. Silver novelties at 25c and up. Elegant line of china and hand decorated pottery, at Clark Bros’.

I wonder if the gentler members of the elementary science class can find the “big bear,” and the hardier members the “little bear,” on a star light night.

The St. Cloud Shoe Co. has the only first-class shoe stock in the city, that is being sold at correct prices.

Chief Ed.—“Get something funny.”

Coates’ has just the rigs for large and small driving parties.

WANTED:—“A doctor.”

Geo. Wash. Van F.—“I cannot tell a story.”

Normal souvenir heart book marks and spoons in sterling silver with cut of school engraved on them for 50c and \$1.50; flag pins 15c, at Clark Bros’.

LOST—The Lawrence Hall cat. Has not been seen since the E. G.’s counted its toes.

Teacher—Why does a milking stool always have three legs?

Student—They don’t.

Teacher—I never saw one but what did.

Student—I like a stool with one leg.

Teacher—You furnish the other two, don’t you?

One-fourth off on trimmed hats at Mary Kron’s.

WANTED:—An extra desk beside seat 10 file 10.

Don't fail to see E. P. Long before buying your presents.

WANTED:—A bottle of smelling salts in the gym. for the fainthearted.

The hockey team has been organized with the following officers duly elected: Mr. Owen, captain; Mr. Ashley, manager; Mr. McArthur, treasurer.

Call and see our fine box calf winter shoe, white kid lined throughout, cork sole, hand sewed ladies' shoes. Made on Sorosis last, we are selling at \$3.50.

Mr. F. —"I heard of a baby six days old who could talk."

Mr. B.—"That's nothing, some of those who failed cursed the day they were born."

The best line of cameras and supplies at E. P. Long's.

What is meant by flattening a note? Lowering it half a step. What is meant by sharpening a note? Raising it half a step. Wouldn't it then look better if B was flattened and C sharpened?

Coates' bus meets all trains.

What is the algebraic relation between A and his niece?

Skates sharpened at Headquarters bicycle shop.

Vacation has come and gone and, contrary to the usual custom, the students remained in St. Cloud.

A \$2.50 kodak for \$1.88, a \$5.00 kodak \$3.75; in fact, 25 per cent. off on all kodaks. Buy now for Christmas at Clark Bros'.

Remarks heard at the Normal:

Young man—"My heart is cracked."

Young lady—"I have lost my heart."

Buy a Normal spoon of E. P. Long the Jeweler's.

There is one trade that may not be practiced at the Normal, especially during recitation hours—"The Barber Trade."

Whenever you want to take a drive out into the country go to Coates' livery stable and get one of his fine rigs.

Where does C come? Next to B, of course.

Those members of the faculty who have been late or tardy at the morning exercises please call for their cards before it is necessary to announce their names from the rostrum.

## EXCHANGES.

Miss Isabel Lawrence has sent in an outline for the Child Study Section and Supt. W. F. F. Selleck of the Elementary Section has a paper for his section in our hands. These will be published and distributed in advance of the M. E. A. meetings.

The largest library in the world is the Bibliotheque National in Paris, founded by Louis XIV. It contains 1,400,000 volumes, 300,000 pamphlets, 175,000 manuscripts, 300,000 maps and charts and 150,000 coins and medals. The collection of engravings exceed 1,300,000 contained in 10,000 volumes.



"I've come to tell you sir, that the photographs you took of us the other day are not at all satisfactory. Why! my husband looks like an ape."

"Well, madam, you should have thought of that before."—Tit-Bits.

The Lord knoweth,  
That the subscriber oweth,  
And that we are in need of our dues;  
And if each one payeth,  
As he sayeth,  
The staff will not get the blues.—Ex.

It happened on a crowded car. A seedy looking man, very much the

worse for liquor rose to give his seat to a lady, when a robust man slipped into the vacant seat, leaving the lady standing.

"Sa-a-y, you—you fellow you," said the boozy but chivalrous individual as he swayed to and fro hanging to a strap, "I-I'm drunk I know, but I-I'll get over it, I will; but you—you're a hog, and you'll never get over it in-in this world—no sir, never!" And the other passengers agreed with him.—Exchange.

## Vouk Photo Co.,

*Aloys B. Vouk, Pres.*

CAMERAS AND PHOTO MATERIALS, PHOTO-  
.. GRAPHS, ART WORK. . .

THE CHEAPEST PHOTOGRAPHS ON  
EARTH AND THE BEST PHOTO-  
GRAPHS FOR THE MONEY.

511 St Germain St.,  
Over Boyd's store.

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## Proper Xmas Presents

ARE



FRAMED PICTURES,  
BOX STATIONERY,  
PURSES,  
MEMORANDAS,  
FOUNTAIN PENS,  
AND SUCH.

GEO. R. CROSBY, 5th Ave. So.,

● HAS A FINE LINE. ●

## LOOK HERE STUDENTS!



### SWANSON'S STEAM LAUNDRY

Will give you the best of work  
and make prices to please  
students.

GIVE US A CALL LADIES AND GENTS.



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BOOT and SHOE MAKER  
and REPAIRER. . .

301 Fifth Ave. South,

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## Dr. J. H. BEATY,

Homeopathic Physician and Sur-  
geon.

OFFICE: Corner Fifth ave. and First St. South.  
Hours, 11 to 12 a. m. and 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m.  
Sunday at residence, 400 Fifth ave. S. Tel. 14-2.

## Boys

Before you get your next suit or overcoat go to Brown, the  
Tailor, and talk it over.

HE WILL GIVE YOU THE BEST OF WORK

AND THE LEAST OF PRICES.

**Free!**

**TO EVERY STUDENT OR TEACHER**

Mentioning this advertisement we will give a Christmas Card or Booklet, valued at 10 per cent of your Xmas purchases at our store. :: ::

## **FOR CHRISTMAS**

We have the only exclusive line of Christmas Gifts in this city. So we have something to suit everyone.

### **OUR BOOK LINE..**

Made up of choice selections in many styles of Books.

Choice line of 16 mos. at.....

**18c, 25c, 30c, 35c and 40c.**

Large line of 12 mos. at.....

**15c, 22c, 35c, 50c and 60c.**

**Books Bound in  
Leather and Fine Bindings.**

### **OUR CARD AND CALENDAR LINE.**

Christmas Cards at.....

**1c, 3c, 5c, 10c and 15c.**

Beautiful Calendars at.....

**FROM 5c TO \$2.00.**

### **BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS.**

We carry the only complete line of Bibles and Testaments in the city and it is a full line too.

Ask to see our large leather bound teachers' bible for \$1.15.

### **CATHOLIC PRAYER BOOKS.**

in Cloth and Leather Bindings.

### **OUR TOY LINE IN THE BASEMENT.**

We have devoted our whole basement with our Toy line and know that we have the finest line in the city.

**Our Store is filled with  
First-class Christmas Gifts.**

**PRICES RIGHT.  
QUALITY OF THE BEST**

# **Atwood's Book Store**

**519 ST. GERMAIN STREET.**

## HEADQUARTERS FOR XMAS PRESENTS!

**CALL AND SEE** our elegant line of Gent's Neckwear, New style Muffler, Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs, Fancy shirts, Umbrellas Fancy Hose and almost everything suitable in Gent's wear.

**Special Sale from Now Until Xmas in Our Suit and Overcoat Dep't.**

● ● SPECIAL DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS ● ●  
● ● AND TEACHERS. ● ●

*Abeles Bros*  
*Leading Clothiers,*  
*St. Cloud.*

## PUFF BROS.

GROCERS, BAKERS,  
CONFECTIONERS

We carry the largest and most complete stock of staple and fancy Groceries, Confectionery, Fruit, Tobaccos, domestic and imported cigars.

Box trade our Specialty.  
Wedding Cakes made to order.

**607 ST. GERMAIN STREET.**  
... ST. CLOUD, MINN. ...

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK, ST. CLOUD, MINN. CAPITAL, - \$100,000

All Business Connected with General Banking will Receive Prompt Attention.

### DIRECTORS.

H. P. Bell, L. W. Collins,  
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John Cooper, L. Clark, J.  
Zapp, John Beansen, J. G.  
Smith, C. L. Atwood.

### OFFICERS.

J. G. SMITH, President.  
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Ed. SMITH, Cashier.

## Have You Seen The New Wine Ovals?

They are beauties.  
Special prices to Students.

*C. J. Kill.*

PHOTOGRAPHER.

— 26 Fifth Ave. South.



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Latest News Read == == ==

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WEEKLY.

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Special Attention to  
Physicians' Prescriptions.

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Brushes, and Full Line of Druggist  
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504 St. Germain St.,  
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# J. C. BOEHM, M. D.

519 St. Germain Street.

Office hours: 11 a. m. to 12:30 p. m., 2 to 4 in the  
afternoon, 7 to 8 evening.

## WALBRIDGE & LOUDON,

PROPRIETORS

## BARBER SHOP

Under the Grand Central Hotel.

SPECIAL RATES Made to STUDENTS

## Merchants :- National :- Bank OF ST. CLOUD, MINN.

CAPITAL, - - \$150,000.

Banking in all its Branches. -:-  
Interest paid upon Time Deposits.


## In Our Savings Department.

Deposits received in sums of \$1.00 and upwards. Interest  
allowed upon sums of \$5.00 and upwards.

O. H. HAVILL,  
President.  
A. H. REINHARD,  
Cashier.

A. BARTO,  
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IF YOU WISH TO MEET WITH  
GOOD MEAT GO TO

*Kraemer's*   
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WHERE THEY METE IT OUT

• • DAILY • •

Kansas City Beef a Specialty.

YOU WILL FIND AT

## BOWING BROS.

Table Delicacies such as raisins, currants,  
citron, lemon and orange peel.

Candies, Nuts of all kinds, Oranges,  
Bananas, Sweet Cider and Popcorn.



## TIME CARD —OF— TRAINS. ST. CLOUD.

VEP-PIBILED TRAINS—DINING CARS

### WEST BOUND.

No. 1, Puget Sound Limited..... 1:03 a.m.  
No. 5, Fargo Local..... 10:55 a.m.  
No. 7, Winnipeg Express..... 10:57 p.m.

### EAST BOUND.

No. 2, Twin City Mail..... 12:15 p.m.  
No. 6, Twin City Express..... 2:20 p.m.  
No. 8, St. Paul and Mpls. Express.. 4:05 a.m.  
No. 5 and 6 run via Brainerd.

Pullman First-Class and Tourist Sleeping Cars

E. Wolfsberg, Agent, | Chas. S. Fee, G. P. A.  
St. Cloud, Minn. | St. Paul, Minn.



## Get your Skates Sharpened

Before skating so you won't have to wait.  
All kinds of Sporting material at

**F. J. BAKER'S GUN STORE.**  
... FIFTH AVENUE NORTH ...



# NOW IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE

... THE PEOPLE'S STORE ...

## THE LEISEN SHOE & DRY GOODS CO.

Grandest display of Holiday Merchandise ever shown on this part of the earth.

See the large Toy Window.

See the Handsome Handkerchief Window.

See the Wonderful Interior Decorations.

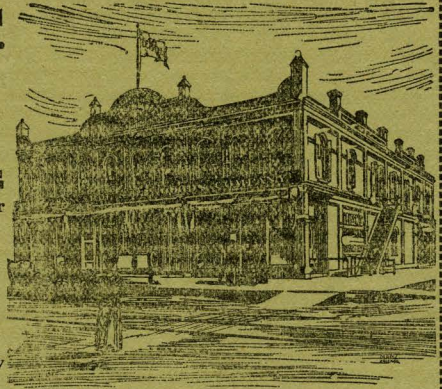
See the Army of Obliging Sales-People.

See the Enormous Crowds that fill this popular recognized trading place.

Watch this space for sensational features from now on until Christmas.

**Tremendous Reductions in all Departments.**

### SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS



This large 2-floor building stocked to ceiling with thousands of useful Xmas presents.

#### Perfumeries

In bulk—We carry R. Hudnots perfumeries, the recognized perfumes of today. 50 oz. **29c** handsome bottle.....

#### Automizers.

The only complete stock in the city. Exclusive agents for the unbreakable collar band, everyone warranted. Prices from.....

**25c up to \$1.49.**

50 per cent. less than drug store prices.

**Big line of Glove Boxes.  
Big line of Glove and Handkerchief Boxes.  
Big line of Toilet Cases and Manicure Sets.**

#### Albums! Albums!

500 Albums will go at **25c**, worth 35 and 50c.

See the musical Album, big line to select from up to \$7.00.

#### Necktie Cases.

Big line of necktie cases.....

**49c, 59c, 79c,**

up to \$2.00. Handsomely decorated.

#### Holiday Gloves.

Nothing more appropriate for a present for a man or lady than a nice pair of gloves. Our gloves are propounded by all to be the best in the market. All our \$1.50 and \$1.69 Ladies' Kid Gloves.....

**\$1.39.**

#### Cloak Department.

Too warm weather for Cloaks. Room is wanted for Holiday goods. Prices knocked clean down, so all can bug cloaks who have not purchased anything more appropriate for a Xmas present than a handsome jacket, collarette, cape, fur garment, muff, etc.

Seeing is believing, to appreciate these values is to see them.

#### Jackets.

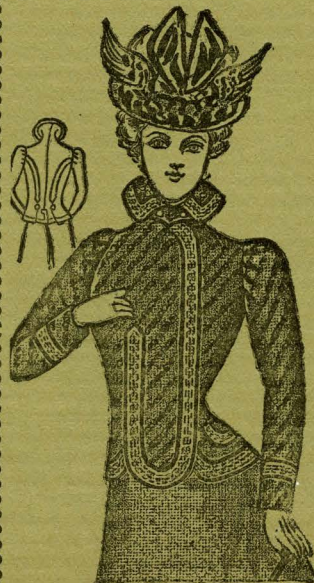
See our \$3.98 Jackets.

See our \$5.00 Jackets.

See our \$7.98 Jackets.

See our \$10.75 Jackets.

See our \$12.50 Jackets.  
(Worth double the money.)



#### Collaretts:

See our \$1.98 Collarettes.

See our \$2.75 Collarettes.

See our \$5.98 Collarettes.

See our \$9.50 Collarettes.

(Sold for double the price elsewhere.)

#### Muffs! Muffs!

See our 79c Muffs.

See our 98c Muffs.

See our \$1.19 Muffs.

See our \$1.75 Muffs.

See our \$2.50 Muffs.

We are the recognized fur center for this part of the earth. Prices guarantee, your money's worth or money back.

See the handsome Children's Fur Sets.

#### Gent's Furnishing Department.

Xmas Ties, Mufflers, and Handkerchiefs.

### SHOE

#### DEPARTM'T.

#### Xmas Slippers.

Men's Imitation Allegator Slipper, shoe store price \$1.00, our price **69c**

Men's Embroidered Slippers, worth \$1.50 **98c**